

History of The

PEASLEE, BALCH, STONEBRAKER FAMILY.

WHO, AS PIONEERS, SETTLED IN THE GREAT WOODS OF
NEW YORK IN 1838; THE TREELESS PRAIRIES OF
IOWA TERRITORY IN 1844, AND ON THE SAC
AND FOX RESERVE, KANSAS IN 1870.

TAKEN FROM A BOOK ON OSAGE COUNTY HISTORY, ENTITLED

"ANNALS OF LYNDON."

BY

CHARLES R. GREEN,

Member of The Kansas State Historical Society,

PRICE 50 CENTS, EDITION LIMITED TO 50 COPIES.

LYNDON, OSAGE COUNTY, KANSAS.

June, 1897.

TWICE A PIONEER.

—0—

1774624

History of The

PEASLEE,
BALCH,
STONEBRAKER
FAMILY.

BY

CHARLES R. GREEN,

Member of The Kansas State Historical Society,

TWICE A PIONEER.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JULIA A. PEASLEE STONEBRAKER WHO WITH
HER PARENTS EMIGRATED FROM MASSACHUSETTS TO NEW YORK, AND
FROM THERE, OVER A HALF CENTURY AGO, TO IOWA TERRI-
TORY, THENCE WITH HER HUSBAND AND DAUGHTER
IN 1870 TO THE SAC AND FOX RESERVE NEAR
LYNDON, OSAGE COUNTY, KANSAS.

—:—:—

Julia A. Peaslee was born March 3, 1833 in Middleton, Essex county, Mass. Her father was Ezekiel Peaslee, born at Lewistown, Maine in 1802. His father died at Montreal in the war of 1812. Julia's mother's name was Eliza Balch, born in New Boston, New Hampshire, March 3, 1806. She was married to Ezekiel Peaslee May 28, 1823 at New Boston.

They had born to them six children, John, Philip, Hannah, Julia, George and Orrin; all but the two last named were born in Middleton, Mass. Her father lived there some years on Dr. Nichol's farm, then moved to South Danvers (now Peabody) on Squire Putnam's dairy farm, where he lived several years, and done well, but could not accumulate enough to buy a farm of his own, so concluded to go west to York State in 1838. When Julia was in her sixth year they removed to the rough forest country of northern York State, in Franklin county, Chateaugay township, 12 miles from the Canada line and 40 miles from Lake Champlain, and about 10 miles east of Malone. Mr. Peaslee had a brother and sister located in Chateaugay and thought to make a home there for his family also; but it was not a success, as he found after six years' trial. The soil was poor and the winters very cold and of several months' duration. He had too much pride to return to Massachusetts poorer than when he left, so concluded to push on further west, for, he often said, he was sure that the Lord had a better country for a poor man than in that corner of York State, and he was going to try and find it, which he did, as future events prove. Though the way was rough, and he and his family had many difficulties and disappointments to overcome, in time he reached the land he was seeking and found it all he imagined and much more.

During those years of hardship Mrs. Peaslee took up the employment of her girlhood—namely, spinning and weaving. Her knowledge of this work became the means of helping her family considerably, as she secured a loom and wove her own family's clothing, and did much weaving for other parties. She had two wheels—the larger one for wool and the smaller one for flax; the smaller one was called a jinny. They are now used mostly for decorative purposes, trimmed with ribbons and called "curios of ye ancient times."

Now as Mr. Peaslee had decided to go west, the question was, how to get the means. He decided to go into the woods and make potash, which could be sold in Montreal for gold. It was a very slow way and required much hard work. Mr. Peaslee and his boys worked all winter, making enough he thought to carry him through to Chicago. One of the grand children living near Melvern, Kansas told me recently that her Grandfather Peaslee told her how after working all winter he was able to leave his wife \$1.00 and take \$13.00 for himself on his journey.

Most of the journeys westward in those early days were made by lake boats to Detroit where they crossed the peninsula of Michigan overland to St. Joseph and by water and stage lines on west.

Mr. Peaslee left home in company with a friend in 1843 for the West. After traveling two or more days his friend, Mr. Roberts, got homesick and returned. Mr. Peaslee continued on his journey alone and in due time reached Chicago, which at that time was a place of 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants. He liked the country very much; it was his first view of these grand prairies he had heard about, all cleared of stone and timber, just waiting for the plough. Most assuredly he had found the poor man's country at last.

In looking over some old letters written that year back to Ohio friends, I find that the country was being settled everywhere through Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois by settlers from the East, from Kentucky and from foreign countries. One letter from Mackinawtown, Tazewell county, Illinois, June 25, 1843, says that land was worth there \$1.25 to \$3.00 per acre in its raw state; times very hard in consequence of failure of the wheat crop which last year was worth 37½ cents per bushel, but this year was worth 75 cents; corn 8 cents last year and 10 cents this year; oats 4 cents last year and 12½ cents this year; cows from \$9 to \$10; labor commands a good price—from \$12 to \$16 per month, but there being but little ready money, one had to take trade or credit.

Julia Peaslee remembers the winter of 1843 very well, as that was the year of the "Millerite" meetings over the land, the East especially, where many of its converts had the day set for the ascension. They squandered their property and sought high places from which to ascend heavenward. The meetings were held for about six weeks. Julia says their whole family attended nearly every evening, as the sleighing was fine. She recalls very plainly the merry jingle of the bells and the voices of the returning church-goers singing hymns. It was about four miles from her father's home to the town called Chateaugay Four-corners where the meetings were held. (Her family were not Millerites.) The meetings were held by Miller and Adrian.

Mr. Peaslee returned from the West and, late as it was, they packed up and started, October 18, 1844 to move west. They went by wagon one or two days' drive to Ogdensburg on the St. Lawrence river, where they took a steamboat, called the John Marshall, that had been loading up with cheese and butter for the western market. The Welland Canal connecting Lake Ontario with Lake Erie around Niagara Falls, had been built then some 14 years, so it is presumed that this boat, by its taking on western emigrants and freight, designed to go up the lakes. Julia, then only 12 years old, cannot remember more than the above facts. There were 5 teams and 42 passengers on board. They had hardly got out of the St. Lawrence River into Lake Ontario before encountering a terrible wind storm or tornado, which caused universal disaster all over the lakes that season. The engineer lost all control of the engines and the boat was driven broadside onto the shore about 2 o'clock in the morning, on what is called by the residents, "Stony Point," on the York State shore. At no other place for a long distance up or down the coast could they have been beached with so little peril from ledges, boulders and dangerous cliffs. They were taken off safely to the shore by having a rope tied around them and being lowered over the side of the vessel. The sailors were very kind and attentive, and as each one was lowered over they were received by the sailors below, who took them to the shore. The passengers on this boat were much more fortunate that dreadful night than many others, for there was not the loss of a single human life, and but one horse was drowned. Julia says, "even our little Scotch Collie dog reached land in safety."

Stories of adventure are always better told by an eye witness, and for this reason I give in her own language Julia Peaslee's story of the rescue, the stay at "Stony Point," the journey westward and the early days in Iowa Territory.

She says:—"When we reached the shore Mother led Brother George and I back some distance from the beach and placed us beside a large log, telling us to stay there and keep perfectly quiet while she returned to help the others. There was heavy timber along shore, and the wrecked boat was made fast by large hawsers to a tree, but it pounded dreadfully all the time. The men soon had a huge fire kindled to dry the clothing of the rescued, for the waves were mountain-high, seemingly, and all were more or less wet. This accomplished, there was nothing more to be done until daylight. When "Old Sol" rose and illuminated the scene it was a pitiful sight. The horses were still on board neighing for help, but they had to remain there until after noon, as the waves were too high and the wreck too unsafe to attempt their rescue. In taking them off the men were obliged to push them overboard to swim ashore.

They were very much bruised, but nevertheless very happy to get upon solid ground once more.

The country appeared to be thickly settled, and soon after daylight we had plenty of callers, and offers of assistance from some. They came from far and near, and some of them made themselves so free with looking at and handling what we had managed to save that our men took ropes and fenced us in and kept watch at night, as there were some who did not hesitate to help themselves to anything they wanted. Brother Philip brought a pair of fine boots off the boat and went back after more things, but on returning to shore found the boots had disappeared. Others suffered similar losses; that was why we were obliged to have an encampment with watchmen on duty.

"We were at Stony Point some days before breaking up camp and journeying westward. We had been able to save but little of our goods and the expense of staying until our team was able to travel reduced our means very much and sadly disarranged our plans, but it did not worry the children of the party, in fact, we thought it quite a picnic; after the danger was past we thought it fine fun to gather up the butter and toast the cheese that washed ashore daily as the boat broke to pieces. But when the agents of the boat appeared our fun in the cheese and butter line came to a sudden stop.

"Father told us afterward that before the ship-wreck he thought we would be blown up or go to the bottom of the lake.

"Aboard the boat was a colony of Germans going to Iowa Territory. They were quite wealthy, and wished father to join them. This he decided to do, as Mr. Rosenberg offered to help him through if necessary. There were three families of Germans and three of Americans, including our family. Mr. Lilley was a neighbor of ours and started with us, but located in Bloomington, Illinois; Mr. Plummer's family stopped at Peoria, Illinois. The German families were in charge of a man by the name of Whipple. They were bound for LeClaire, Scott county, Iowa Territory.

"Notwithstanding our misfortunes, we pushed on as soon as possible. We crossed the country of New York to the Erie Canal, where we all got aboard a canal boat for Buffalo. It was the last boat of the season and went through very quickly; for I remember when we reached Buffalo they were still digging for dead bodies along the beach, and we saw dead horses lying along the shore unburied. One of the workmen told mother they had found 40 dead bodies along the shore—all victims of the terrible storm from which we so fortunately escaped. We saw several boats lying some distance up the shore; they were small sailing vessels. We saw a canal boat away up in the city where it had been washed by the waves.

"I will relate one incident that occurred as we were on the canal: The boat hands, in going from the upper to the lower deck, would frequently climb over the side and let themselves down through the cabin window instead of descending the steep stairway. Brother George thought he would try it, but fell into the canal instead and was nearly drowned.

"At Buffalo Brother John had an opportunity to work his passage through to Chicago, and we did not see him until the next fall. Here also arrangements were made for the families and goods to go in a schooner by way of Lake Erie to Erie, Pennsylvania, while the men drove through by land. Lake navigation had about closed and this was the last boat, and the best that could be done. It was rough weather and nearly all were sea-sick during the passage which lasted three days or more. We were out of sight of land nearly one day and very much afraid of another disaster. When we drew up beside the wharf the men were there to greet us, and we were very glad to meet them and begin our journey on land altogether once more. It was a late, open fall; the weather was fine most of the time, and I do not recall anything of note on our journey through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; we children thought it a dreadful long ways "out west." Traveling through Illinois was lonesome, as we saw few families and seldom passed a dwelling during the day. In leaving a stopping place in the morning we were always cautioned to keep on until we reached the next station, which was usually at dark. Father said afterwards he was very much worried lest we should get caught in a prairie fire, for the grass was very dry; but he kept his fears to himself.

We saw plenty of prairie chickens, and it was our first view of them. We journeyed day after day and at last saw the Mississippi river; I think we came in sight of it below Rock Island and traveled on up the river road through Moline to Port Byron, a distance of 20 miles. At this point we were to cross the river to LeClaire, Iowa. It had been quite cold for a few days and the river was full of floating ice, and no ferry boat. Father got a skiff to row the family over in, but when Mother walked out on the ice along shore to get into the skiff, she broke in and got wet; she gave up crossing and went to a hotel. The rest of us crossed safely, though it was a perilous trip. I think it was the 10th of December, 1844. The river froze over that night and Father procured a hand sled the following forenoon and went back to look after the team, and brought back some of our things, Mother returning with him. That was Thursday; two days later they crossed the ice with the teams and wagons. Most of the party was stopping at a hotel in Parkestown, a suburb of LeClaire. The next day was Sunday, our first Sunday in Iowa. After church a gentleman named James Jack accompanied by his wife called to see the ship-wreck-

ed emigrants, and asked if they could be of any assistance to us. They wanted George and I to go home with them, but George didn't care to go, so I went and stayed nearly all winter and went to school in a tiny log school house; we sat on long benches and warmed at a fire-place.

"Sister Hannah got employment at once as nurse to a Mrs. Williams. Monday morning Father, Mother, Philip and George went to housekeeping in a vacant cabin some two miles above town. The location was fine; we had a splendid view of the river both north and south. The bluffs were covered with heavy timber and our cabin home nestled among a small grove of fine oak trees, and the quails were so tame they would come to the stable and mix with the chickens quite freely. The people were very kind and hospitable.

"Our cooking utensils were very primitive indeed; a Dutch oven and one kettle, which had had the misfortune of getting one leg broken, leaving a small hole which was made all right by substituting a wooden leg. Those were given us, as we had lost all our cooking utensils in the wreck. Our cabin had a good sized fire-place and Mr. Jack gave us permission to use all the wood we wanted—Mr. Jack and wife were professed christians and carried out their professions in their daily life; they were always ready to lend a helping hand to others; their hearts were full of loving kindness, and charity to all; they were highly thought of. Father and Mr. Jack were friends for many years.

"Father had given up the idea of going to Chicago, for a time—and I will add here that he never did go. Father and Philip got plenty of teaming and other work to do all that winter, and we were a very happy and contented family, as we were in love with the country; the winter was so very mild—the ice going out of the river in March and before the first of April steam boats were steaming by up the river.

In the spring of 1845 Father rented Dr. Rowe's farm, 3 miles up above our cabin home; as this farm was small he rented 40 acres of Mr. Hopson. His farm was some distance from the river on the prairie. Mr. Rosenberg returned to the Illinois side and located just above us, we on the Iowa side. They got sick with typhoid fever that summer and father and the boys helped them through with their wheat harvest, thereby paying up our obligations to him for money borrowed to get through with, and we all felt very relieved that the debt was paid. Late that fall our family all had the ague and typhoid fever except John and I; five sick at one time. There were so many sick, some said it was living by the river, but nearly all were new comers and were getting used to the climate. Next spring we left the river and and rented of Mr. Jack considerable prairie land about 3 miles back and put it nearly all into wheat; we lived on Mr. Jack's farm five years, I think.

Brother Orrin was born January 13, 1848, in our log cabin home on Mr. Jack's place. We were still all at home, most of the time, and nearly all grown up; George was the youngest, being 13. We all felt very proud of our little brother, and feel the same still, though he has grown somewhat, being six feet tall—taller than any of the family, owing, no doubt, to his being born in the "far West."

In 1849 the gold excitement induced Brother Philip and several other young men of our neighborhood to go to California. They joined the caravan at Independence, Mo., to go across the plains. They journeyed on through Kansas on the California trail which led up the Republican river, across onto the Platte, over the Rocky Mountains, through the South pass, and across the desert of Utah, just getting over the Sierra Nevada Mountains into California before winter set in. They were six months on the trip. Phill had good health, and was always jolly and hopeful, and was the life of the party until his death, which was sudden, he only being sick 24 hours, with inflammation of the bowels. He was in California 18 months, and died at Long Bar, Yuba river, at the age of 22.

There was nothing of note transpired for two years; at the end of that time we moved onto a farm of our own—160 acres, bought from the government at \$1.25 per acre. Father built a sod house with 2 rooms and a loft, 5 windows, plastered it on the fibrous roots of the sod, which made it very comfortable and look very nice. It was a happy day for our family when we could move onto a farm of our own. We lived in the sod house six years and then moved into a new brick house of goodly dimensions. I was married in the sod house.

I was married August 14, 1853 to David Stonebraker, of Williamsburg, Blair county, Pa. After our marriage we tried farming two years, but my husband's health failed, and while trying to regain his health he went on a visit to his father and family in Pennsylvania. Mother also went East to visit her old home in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. They were gone six months and I kept house for Father.

After my husband's return we settled in LeClaire, where he went into the grocery business, which he carried on until after the war. Times were hard and the credit system so ruinous and so many uncollected accounts on his books, he gave it up and concluded to go still further west and grow up with the country.

April 14, 1860, the day he left for Kansas my daughter Maria was 15 years old.

In company with a young man—Dr. T. M. Wall, Mr. Stonebraker went to Afton, Iowa on the cars, and as this seemed to be the end of the railroad westward, and, being desirous of a tramp for health and observation, they

walked by pleasant days' journeys through the four intervening counties to the Missouri river, crossing it May 30th, where they procured a skiff and went down the river, having several narrow escapes from ship-wreck and drowning, until getting tired of that, at St. Joseph they disposed of their boat and continued their journey afoot down through Missouri to Weston, where they crossed the river into Kansas at Leavenworth, June 5th. After seeing the sights there they went to Kansas City, and the lengthy journal of Dr. Wall winds up here, by saying that they didn't like Kansas City at all, that here Mr. Stonebraker's route seemed to diverge from his and he would return to Iowa. Mr. S. went down to his brother's, S. A. Stonebraker, at Black Jack, Douglas county, Kansas. His brother kept a store, hotel and post office; it was a station on the Santa Fe trail. Here Mr. Stonebraker became acquainted with George Weber, James Kennedy and Al Roth, and went down to the Sac and Fox reservation in Osage county. Weber, Kennedy, and others had been down in February, 1869 and staked off their claims, but there were others around not yet taken and Mr. S. got the next claim north of Mr. Kennedy, containing 130 acres. It was a fractional quarter, being the north west $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 7—17—16, two miles south of Lyndon. He staid in the tent they put up on Mr. Kennedy's claim, where he could see all over and keep a watchful eye on all the claims. Mr. S. done the cooking and running around and the others gave him his turn in breaking, as he had no team in those days. He found a good friend in John Howe, who did him many a good turn.

It rained so much that season—1869, that one could hardly get dried off between showers. Many a morning meal did Mr. Stonebraker make of milk and bread, because the fuel would not burn."

The author of this historical series knows the trials of a bachelor in Kansas that year, as, like Dave, he had to hire his bread baked, and begged his milk of his neighbors. He went to Iowa and got his "Blue-eyed Mary," and never cared to live a bachelor's life any more.

Continuing her reminiscences, Mrs. Stonebreaker says:

While Mr. Stonebraker was absent Father Peaslee, Maria and I went east; we visited relatives in Boston and Salem and took a look at Witches Hill, where in ye olden time they hung people for witchcraft; also visited the Peabody institute, and a good many places of note about Salem; we spent some time at Nehant, a sea bathing resort near Boston; visited a great many places of note, the state house, Boston Commons, Bunker Hill, Cambridge, beautiful Mt. Auburn—the city of silent people; in New Hampshire we visited my mother's birth place; climbed Lineborough Mt.; visited the cranberry meadows

and various other places too numerous to mention. We left home in October and returned in time for Christmas, enjoying our visit very much.

Mr. Stonebraker wrote some very interesting letters home to me about his experiences.

"He managed after awhile to get logs from the Carney timber on Salt creek (afterwards Van Benthem's farm) to build a log cabin. When Weber and the others were up in Douglas county working he could work on that, so they all got through. Mr. Kennedy had a good frame house built in time to move into that fall. Mr. S. wintered in Kansas; part of the time with his brother at Black Jack.

As early as the roads would admit in the spring of 1870, Father Peaslee, myself and daughter Maria now 16, years old started for Kansas. We left our Iowa home the 3rd of May, 1870, and were three weeks enroute. Dave met us below Kansas City. Two movers from Illinois, who stopped at Olathe, were with us.

"We reached our claim the first day of June—a high and barren ridge, except the cabin; but we felt glad to reach even so small a home. It was about dark when we arrived, and after supper Mr. S. began looking under the pillows on the bed and moving everything about the place. I wondered what he was looking for; he finally told me he was looking to see if any rattle snakes had got in during his absence. Just think of snakes being in the house! I didn't see any that night, but did later on, but we got along fine, notwithstanding the snakes.

"As Mr. James Smith looked out across the prairie and saw the light from our window so high and clear, he wondered what it was, or who the light belonged to, and when Mr. S. went over there to buy corn at 75 cents per bushel, they found out who their neighbors were.

"'Great oaks from little acorns grow,' and in a few years our grove of trees showed by far the plainest of any for miles around; the people had bearing peach orchards very soon after setting out the trees. In those days no one out on the prairie attempted to fence more than just what they plowed—"squaw patches," they called them. The winter of 1870-'71 was very mild and pleasant and Mr. Stonebraker bought rails enough of Abe Hall to fence our patch of plowed ground; there was no barb-wire fencing at that time. Some two years later we purchased of a man down on the Marais des Cygnes, timber enough to make rails and fence up the whole farm. Before the farm was fenced, the road from Olivet to Lyndon ran down across our claim, past Daugherty's, who lived on the west side of his quarter, past E. Norris',

crossing Salt creek at John Howe's ford. As people fenced up their land Mr. Stonebraker set about having a road laid out on the section lines along the west side of our place; it was called the 'Stonebraker road,' and met with great opposition from Van Benthem, who got some little damages. The land was soon all taken up, and each quarter had a dwelling and family on, which made neighbors plenty and quite near each other.

"We used to have calls quite often from the Indians, who lived down on the Marais des Cygnes. They had been removed by the Government to the Indian Territory, but returned to their old haunts. Panakanappi, the chief, was a nice Indian, and very cleanly in his person, but was quite fond of dog meat; being questioned as to the best meat he ever ate, his answer was, 'Skunky meat heap good!' He was the only Indian I ever knew who could enjoy or get off a joke; coming by an open window one day where Maria sat, he gave a sudden 'humph!' and enjoyed her startled manner; he also once told her he had found a brave for her, which appeared to please him very much.

We had a great many peaches within a few years and used to give some to the Indians. One day a squaw came and asked for some; Dave told her she might have all she could carry away. She spread her blanket on the ground and filling it nearly full, gathered it by the four corners and swung over her shoulder and walked off. The result was laughable, as the peaches were very ripe and juicy; we often spoke of this long after the Indians were all gone. They never begged anything, but often brought nuts, berries and other things to 'swap' for 'hoggy meat;' they seldom asked for anything else.

"Our school house—Mt. Pleasant, district 62, was built, I think, in the summer of '72, and George Weber taught the first school in it. Maria attended and some of her associates were Kate and Flora Hedges, Clara Harrison, Olive and Flora Lamond, Mamie Lockhart, daughter of Mrs. Hayford, Henry and Fannie Keeler, the Kennedy children and Allison children; perhaps there were others I cannot now recall.

February 21, 1877, my daughter and Henry Johnson were married; they live four miles south west of Melvern, Kansas. They have three children, Sidney, 18; Clara, 16; Nellie, 9.

"In 1878 my husband and I concluded to adopt a boy. B. F. Strong, Sr. then post master at Osage City lost his wife, and his children were adopted by different parties. Mr. Stonebraker took Arthur and John Edie took Bennie, Jr. Arthur H. Strong was 12 years old when he came to our house in 1878, and a year later, Mr. Edie not caring to keep Bennie any longer, we concluded to take him also to our home. He was 7 years old, and they were both

good boys, and we always thought so much of them. Arthur had lived with us 3 years and was a youth of 15 years when he accidentally shot himself while putting a ramrod in his gun. It was a sad affair.

"My husband died July 23, 1888, after 15 months of intense suffering from cancer trouble. I remained on the farm two years after his death; then sold out to Mr. Peterson and broke up housekeeping.

"February 18, 1891 the ladies of my neighborhood made me a good bye call, and the same evening the young people surprised Bennie.

"The fall after leaving the farm I went to Iowa to visit my brothers, John and Orrin. I was there at the old homestead 7 months; the dear old home that Father and Mother journeyed through so many hardships to secure; but what a change Father Time has wrought! It is now a beautiful home; there are 200 acres, all under a high state of cultivation; a fine house built on the site of the old one; the largest barn in the township; ice and milk house combined; an extensive hog house, lighted with sky lights; artesian well; two wind mills, with water pipes to conduct the water all through the barn and house and wherever needed and other improvements to numerous to mention. My younger brother, Orrin, owns the homestead where Mother and Father spent their declining years, surrounded with all the comforts necessary to their happiness and comfort. Brother John lives on the same land he bought of Uncle Sam so many years ago; he is an old man of 72 years now and has a nice home of 160 acres or more, with all the comforts necessary to make one happy in this life. We three are all that is left of the family of 7 which left Northern York State to try their fortunes in the far west, so many years ago.

"On my return from Iowa, I spent the summer with my daughter, Mrs. Johnson, in Melvern. In February, 1894 I went to Pomona, California to visit Ben, who had been out there two years. I spent two delightful years in that beautiful valley with him. I returned to Kansas in May, 1896, and am staying with my daughter and family at this writing.

"In conclusion, I cannot think of anything more of interest concerning those early days in Kansas. There were many hardships and privations and a great deal of pleasure and happiness as well in the thought of making a home with home comforts in 'Sunny Kansas.' I am glad to say that by our Heavenly Father's help we did have success, and were permitted to enjoy our home for eighteen years."

THE PEASLEE FAMILY MARRIAGES AND DEATHS AS FAR AS KNOWN.

—:0:—

PARENTS.

Ezekiel Peaslee, born at Lewiston, Maine in October, 1802.

Elizabeth Balch, born at New Boston, New Hampshire, March 3, 1806.

MARRIED.

Ezekiel Peaslee and Eliza Balch were married at New Boston, N. H., May 28, 1823. Six children were born to them.

DIED.

Eliza Peaslee died December 22, 1866 at LeClaire, Iowa, aged 60 years, 9 ms.

Ezekiel Peaslee died July 14, 1880 at LeClaire, Iowa, aged 78 years, 6 months.

CHILDREN.

Hannah M. Peaslee, married November 7, 1847, to Silas Lancaster, of LeClaire, Iowa. Parents and children all dead.

John B. Peaslee was married about 1857 to Isabella Barr, of Pennsylvania. Their home is at LeClaire, Iowa.

Julia A. Peaslee married David Stonebraker, of Pennsylvania, August 14, 1853. Her husband died at his home near Lyndon, Kansas, July 23, 1888.

Maria Stonebraker, their only child, married Henry Johnson, February 21, 1877—home at Melvern, Kansas, where the grandmother also resides.

George P. Peaslee, born in South Danvers, Mass., May 3, 1836, was married to Joseyphene M. Lewis, of LeClaire, Iowa, July 7, 1865. He died April 1, 1867.

Orrin H. Peaslee, the youngest, was married to Anna E. Stonebraker, of Pennsylvania, January 29, 1868. Home at LeClaire, Iowa.

Phillip Peaslee was never married. He died at the age of 22, in California.